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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

The Magic Dollar.

A TALE OF ALSACE.

(Continued.)

But her time was to come,—she was not always to preserve her heart in this happy state of apathy. There was in the town a young advocate, by name Minehold, whom she had met several times in public. The first time he saw her he was attracted by her personal charms; and his admiration was afterward so irrevocably confirmed by her amiable and unaffected manners and pleasing conversation, that his heart was soon irrevocably lost; nor did he attempt to resist his growing passion; he gave himself up to it without reserve. The gentle Philippina on her side was not less deeply smitten. Minehold had an excellent character, was handsome in his person, agreeable in his conversation, and above all an unwearied dancer, which was a great recommendation to the young lady. He had very good abilities, and the progress he had made in his profession was already such as to give assurance of his rising in it to great eminence: but alas! for the present he had no private fortune; his professional gains were his sole means of subsistence,—and could such a man aspire to the hand of Philippina! Where was to be found the means of reimbursing the expenses of her education which Netterville expected before he would accept any one as a son-in-law!

Love, however, is aspiring; and the lover was unfortunately presented with so fair an occasion for disclosing his passion to the object of it, at a ball where they met, that he could restrain himself no longer; and the whole secret of his heart was laid open. Philippina, poor Philippina! was not in a much better situation. She had found the excellent young advocate so extremely agreeable, that notwithstanding the indifference she was desirous of maintaining, her heart was insensibly wholly surrendered to him; and the expressive silence with which she listened to the ardent declaration of his passion was to him the most pleasing assurance he had not pleaded in vain. In short both parties were so transported,—the one with having disclosed the important secret, the other with the assurance that she was beloved by the only man against whom she had not been able to secure her heart,—that they

gave themselves up to the happiness of the moment, and exchanged the most ardent vows of unalterable fidelity and constancy to each other.

But, the ball concluded, the intoxication of these delicious moments passed, and the lovers restored to their respective solitary apartments, the fairy world of love vanished before them; while, instead of the pretty fluttering Cupids which they had so lately seen sporting gaily around, they found themselves encompassed only by the black demons of *Care*, and were importuned during the whole night by a succession of sleeping and waking dreams not of a nature very flattering to the sentiments of their hearts. The god of Love and the goddess of Hope, however, reappeared to them again a few days after at another ball, when they found the means of entertaining each other in secret and renewing the solemn vows they had exchanged. Nay, they went further; for they agreed that since with prudent management it was just possible for Minehold to maintain a wife upon his professional gains, the matter might be mentioned to the lady's father; as he would be released from the expense of maintaining her, and no thought would be entertained of asking for so much as a shilling of portion.

The communication, however, it was agreed should not be made by the parties themselves, but through the intervention of a confidential friend, who, when requested to undertake it, gladly engaged to open the matter in proper form, and solicit of Mr. Philip Ambrose Netterville the hand of his daughter in marriage for Mr. Advocate Minehold—" *He will succeed,*" whispered flustering Hope in the ears of the lovers; while Love, still more ready at delusion said in stronger terms, "*He must succeed.*"

Alas, poor lovers!—had ye been content with the sweet enjoyment of a secret tender courtship which was already yours, ye might long have maintained it undisturbed. But love, I have said, is aspiring; and no sooner was the aspiring thought entertained that the father's consent to the union ye wished might be obtained, and a resolution taken to put the solidity of the foundation of that hope to the proof, than all your flattering visions were dispersed in empty air. Upon the first hint on the subject given to the stern father, he, without even entering upon a calculation, peremptorily refused listening to any thing of the kind, abusing the poor advocate as a shameless

Beggars, and strictly prohibiting his daughter's ever thinking of going to a ball again. The grief and anguish which this cruel defeat of all their hopes occasioned the young couple, heightened by the reflection that it was hurried on by their own impatience, will be easily imagined. The only consolation that now remained to them was in that last refuge of despairing lovers—a secret correspondence: this was successfully carried on through the intervention of the confidential friend and an old woman who had formerly been nurse to Philipina.

Leave we awhile these tender turtle-doves to pour out their hearts to each other in soft and melting complaints, and turn we once more to an object of a less soft and tender nature—to Madame Barbara Alicia Kreutzer.

The splendid, dazzling, meteor-like seven years war had now run through about the half of its career, when a whole regiment of the troops of the Germanic body were sent to winter in the town where lived the amiable pair whose adventures we are endeavouring to immortalize. The town was small, and the regiment was large; so that every house was obliged to partake in the burthen of having the soldiers quartered upon them. It fell to the lot of Madame Barbara Alicia to have the entertainment of a subaltern officer, two common soldiers, and a drummer forced upon her;—what sort of entertainment they received may easily be imagined.

In fact, what with the anxiety she experienced from the sums she found herself daily compelled to disburse in supplies for her new guests, of food, fuel, candles and straw for their beds, with something in addition to their ordinary fare for a Sunday dinner, and her still greater anxiety lest these formidable marauders should some day take it into their heads to visit her money chest, when even Black Tom might not be able to defend it;—what with these anxieties, and the increasing inroads by the elements from the increasing dilapidated state of her habitation, she was actually thrown into a violent fit of sickness. A doctor was sent for; but she soon found that between his fees and the medicines and warm clothing he ordered her, this was an indulgence far beyond her slender means to support, and in a week he was dismissed. The legacy-hunters were now more assiduous than ever in paying their court, fully convinced that the time was not far off when they should reap the rich reward of their assiduities. They were right in so much as that the *period of her woes* was arrived; for notwithstanding the dismissal of the doctor on the tenth day from her seizure, she stole silently and quietly out of the world, Black Tom only being present to receive her last sigh. They were wrong in expecting to receive the recompense of their attentions; for as she could not bear the idea of being separated from her beloved stores, the thought

of making any bequest of them was too revolting ever to be harboured, and she died leaving to the laws alone the disposal of what she had accumulated.

How long a time might have elapsed before Black Tom thought proper to disclose the secret of his mistress's decease it is impossible to determine; but he was spared the trouble of dispersing the usual circular notice sent round to relations and friends upon such an occasion, by the drummer entering the room swearing and cursing most furiously, the very day on which this affecting circumstance took place, that coming at the usual dinner hour he found not the slightest preparations going forward for this most important concern of our lives. Poor Tom looked him very piteously in the face, pointing to his mistress, with whom he seemed well aware all was not quite right. The drummer was for a moment mute with astonishment at beholding his hostess a lifeless corpse; but being a very honest fellow, though a little given to swearing and cursing, he did not avail himself of the information he had thus casually acquired, as he certainly might have done, to secure to himself any part of her property now within his reach. No, he hastened immediately to his officer to inform him of what had happened; while the latter, after ascending the staircase to assure himself that what he had heard was true, proceeded to give the necessary information upon the subject to those whom he conceived most interested in it.

These were two distant cousins, jovial gay young men, who, though sensible that they were her nearest relations, had never paid any court to her, or even thought for a moment of her vast wealth. To them, however, nature and the laws now consigned the first cares necessary upon such an occasion,—searching for a will and providing for the old lady's interment. Taking with them two other persons, as witnesses that the search was fairly conducted, every corner of the ruined castle was ransacked, even to endangering the lives of the searchers in visiting parts which seemed at every moment ready to fall over their heads. This search being made, no will could be found; and it remained only for the two young cousins to take possession of what the law awarded to them. Willing to pay every possible respect to the deceased, however little deserved on her part, she was handsomely interred without ridiculous ostentation, and Black Tom was sent into the country to the care of a worthy farmer and his wife, with a pension for his support during the remainder of his days, while a provision was made for the officer, the soldiers, and the drummer, at a public house in the town, that the wretched falling mansion might be totally evacuated.

For sometime after the old lady's death bitter murmurings and complainings were heard about the town from the legacy-hunters, who had experienced so severe a disappointment.

Nothing but epithets of the *wretched old hag*, the *niggardly scurvy old witch*, were now bestowed upon her, who had formerly been designated as the *poor good old lady*! and a grudging account was made out of the money that had gone to paying court to her, for which the ungrateful wretch never made any return whatever. Some even affected to believe that she had not come fairly by her death, but that the cousins had dealt with Black Tom, who, being an agent of the evil one, had wrung her neck slyly with his feet;—and this they said was the more probable, since Tom was the only witness of her last moments. After these complaints had been vented by some, and the justice of them canvassed by others, for three or four weeks, neither mistress nor dog was thought of more.

A question now arose with the heirs, what should, or could be done with the old ruined castle. It was offered to sale; but for some time no purchaser could be found; the materials of which it was composed were in such a state of decay that they would not even pay the expense of pulling it down. At length, however, a purchaser arose from a quarter whence perhaps he might be the least expected.

The only person who had shown the least disposition to treat Madame Barbara Alicia's memory with respect was Mr. Philip Ambrose Netterville. He had always expressed himself in her life time with much deference towards her;—"She is an excellent saving managing woman," he would say; "a worthy citizen of the Holy Roman Empire, a deserving member of the great Germanic body." At her death he began to calculate, from the reported amount of the property she had left, and from what he knew of the revenues that came into her possession at the death of her husband, how much she must have saved annually. Dividing the property left by the number of years it had been accumulating, he found that her savings must have been at least a thousand rix dollars every year, allowing for the accumulation by interest and compound interest. Now this was a sum so far beyond what her ostensible revenues could possibly allow, that his brain, ever at work, immediately recurred to her reputed supernatural resources in the *Black Dog* and the *Magic Dollar*. For the dog, he could not believe him any thing more than a real genuine spaniel; he could not persuade himself, since his own merits must be equal to hers in the eyes of the arch-fiend, that the latter would have shown her such a decided preference, and wholly neglected him; no, assuredly his favours would have been more equally divided, and he should have enjoyed the patronage of one of his imps under the form of a black cat, a monkey, or something of the kind.

The supernatural agency of the dog was then wholly rejected.—But the *Magic Dollar*! What was to be thought of the *Magic Dollar*?

Some unseen, unknown source of wealth she must have had; and it was scarcely ever that such ideas as that of the *Magic Dollar* got into general circulation without some foundation in fact. In any case no harm would accrue from sifting the heirs a little upon the matter, and this might be done rather with the appearance of joke than of entertaining any serious belief in it. From the moment that this idea got possession of him, his brain was incessantly at work upon it; till at last he persuaded himself firmly of the reality of the *Magic Dollar*, and burned with an irresistible desire to obtain possession of it: he even determined within himself, that since the heirs were a couple of gay thoughtless young men they might easily be wheedled out of it.

He began by asking them one day whether they had found any curious coins among the stores of their deceased relation, since it was always reported that she had many which were very curious; and as he was collecting a cabinet of coins, he should be happy to purchase what she had left, if they would be willing to sell them. They answered that indeed they had not found any; not even the *Magic Dollar*, they added with a laugh, knowing the reports concerning it which had been current in the town. Mr. Philip Ambrose affected to join the laugh, and said, as if jokingly, "Nay, supposing you had found it, no one could have expected you to part with it again: though you might have been scrupulously nice about making use of any thing reputed of Satanic origin, gratitude must have made you cherish it with care, considering the obligations you owe to it."

The young men laughed again;—"No, by Heaven," they said, "if the old lady had such a thing she must have hid it, like a magpye, in some hole or corner of her tumbledown mansion, or buried it in the earth at the bottom of the cellar, for nothing like it could they ever find." A new dawn of light here burst upon the mind of our old usurer. The dollar had not been found, and it might be concealed somewhere about the house: indeed this was most probably the case, since a careful old lady, like the deceased, would hardly trust such a treasure in any but some very secure spot, where no one could have ready access, or where they could not think of looking for any thing of value. There was an easy and obvious mode of ascertaining this;—the house was upon sale, it might be purchased for a trifle, and he should have nothing to do but carefully to examine it at his leisure. This was resolved on: he proposed the purchase to the present owners, offering the smallest sum for it that he thought would be accepted; and the heirs, rejoiced to get the frail tenement off their hands on almost any terms, eagerly caught at the offer; so that the bargain was instantly concluded, and the deed of transfer drawn up and signed by both parties.

Behold then Mr. Philip Ambrose Netterville sole possessor of the mansion of his deceased prototype; and, as he trusted, of the main source to which she owed her vast wealth. The joke soon spread through the town, of the motive which induced him to part with even a small portion of his wealth in a purchase which to a reasonable people seemed so unprofitable; for the two young men smoked the truth, and had no doubt that what they had suggested was the occasion of the old usurer's being so desirous to get possession of such miserable dilapidated premises. Such a joke was much too good to keep it selfishly to themselves; and they amused their acquaintance with it in the first instance, who circulating it still more extensively by the time the deeds were signed and possession given, the matter became the general amusement of the town.

The new owner resolving not to be in any way interrupted or impeded in his researches, gave up the management of his own dwelling for a week entirely to his daughter, even at the hazard of her taking advantage of his absence to admit her lover as a visitor, and went himself to his new one, carrying with him a pickaxe, a spade, and whatever other implements or tools appeared necessary for the prosecution of his researches. He began by examining the room which the old lady inhabited for the latter part of her life, and in which she breathed her last, but nothing was to be found; he next proceeded to the garret in which she had formerly lived, but met with no better success: afterward by degrees every part was searched, not a hole nor cranny escaped—still to no purpose. At last he descended to the cellar, where he dug up the earth, looking and grubbing into every spadeful as it was turned up—but all was equally unproductive; and he retired for the night to a miserable bed with which he had furnished the old lady's state apartment, exceedingly perplexed and disconcerted. He had still no doubt that the dollar was somewhere about the house; but the question was, how to discover the place of its concealment. At first he thought of having the house pulled down; but so small an object as a dollar might easily be lost among the rubbish without its being perceived by any body; or the people whom he must employ in leveling the edifice with the ground, finding the treasure might conceal it:—the house might then be pulled down in vain. Some other scheme must be thought of; and his busy thoughts soon began to direct themselves towards *Black Tom*. Though he had hitherto wholly rejected the idea of his being any thing more than a true, literal, genuine member of the canine body, yet he now began to question himself whether there might not really be something of supernatural agency about him? whether he might not have been the dragon appointed by the donor to guard the golden fleece,—whether he consequently might not

be in possession of the secret where the dollar was to be found? Then another question would arise, in what way he was to be dealt with to draw the secret from him?

The worthy gentleman sat upon the end of his bed—for he had not provided himself with any other seat—revolving these things in his mind, and seriously thinking of endeavouring to open a negotiation the next day for the purchase of *Black Tom*, till he heard the clock of a neighbouring turret sound the solemn hour of midnight.

At this awful moment his ears were suddenly assailed with a violent noise like the rattling of chains, and a stamping like that of the feet of horses was heard in the long passage leading to the chamber where he was: all this was moreover accompanied by the most fearful and melancholy howlings and groanings. Sounds so alarming were enough to appal the stoutest heart; and that of Mr. Philip Ambrose Netterville palpitated with terror to such a degree that it seemed ready to burst through the case in which it was inclosed. He had had the precaution to bring with him a large padlock with which the door was made fast;—but what could the strongest locks and bolts avail against the intruders which he now expected every moment to burst into the room, and which could not be of mortal mould? He crossed and blessed himself a thousand times, falling devoutly on his knees to implore the protection of St. Ambrose, his patron saint. Still the noises continued: he even thought at intervals that he distinguished voices, and heard his own name repeatedly pronounced, combined with the words *Magic Dollar*; and his fears suggested that a whole legion of the agents of his Satanic majesty were come in wrath to carry him away, because he had conceived the arrogant project of possessing a treasure never intended to bless any other than his august predecessor in the apartment: the howls he heard sometimes resembling those of a dog, he imputed them to *Black Tom*, and had no doubt that it would be his doom to be torn to pieces by that hideous animal.

Still the noises continued. Yet, to his astonishment, no attempt was made to burst into the chamber; and his courage being somewhat fortified by perceiving this, he even thought for a moment, since they would not come to him, of opening the door and presenting himself before them. In the first place, however, he had no light; and in the next place, if he had one, a little more reflection suggested that *the better part of valour was discretion*;—so he thought it best to remain where he was. At length the clock struck one: in a moment the noises ceased, all was silent as the grave. At first this silence remained more awful than even the late tumult, and he seemed unable to stir, or lie down on his bed and endeavour to sleep: but an hour having passed, the clock striking two, and every thing being still quiet,

he ventured to stretch himself at his length, when he soon sunk into repose, nor woke till the morning light was shining full upon him.

His first impulse on awakening was to fly from the diabolical mansion, never more to return, and to commence the rasure of the building that very day. A little reflection, however, effected a total change in his purpose. That the noises he had heard proceeded from the Satanic legions employed to guard the treasure, he had not the least doubt; but it was also manifest that the old lady his prototype must by some means or other have conciliated the good will of these beings, since she had never been molested by them. Might it not therefore be possible for him to gain them over to his interest, and accomplish his purpose through their intervention? After mature deliberation, he resolved to watch at least one more night in the house, and see what was to be done, taking every possible precaution against the worst that might happen.

(Concluded in our next.)

The Flower Girl.

Let humble merit learn from this, that gold
Is much too poor a thing to purchase worth,
That men of mind regard with feelings cold,
Her, who can boast no more than gilded earth.

"Pray buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!" said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the corner of a narrow street. I turned hastily, and beheld a girl of fourteen, whose drapery, though ragged, was clean, and whose form was such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without covering, was white as snow: and her features, though not regularly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion; her eyes, dark and intelligent, were shaded by loose ringlets of a raven black, and poured their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of very long lashes. On one arm hung a basket full of roses, and the other was stretched out towards me with one of the rose buds. I put my hand into my pocket, and drew out some silver—"Take this, my pretty girl," said I, putting it into hers; "and may that God, who is the father of the fatherless, be the preserver of your existence, and your virtue! Virtuous poverty is no crime."

I was turning from her, when she suddenly caught my withdrawn hand: and putting it to her lips, burst into a flood of tears. The action, and the look which accompanied it, touched my soul; it melted at the artless gratitude of this poor Flower girl, and a drop of sympathy fell from my cheeks. "Forgive me sir," said she, recovering from her transport, while a sweet blush diffused itself over her lovely face, "my heart was full of what it could not express; nature impelled me to so free an action. You will pardon the effect it had on me, when I tell you they were the first kind words

I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth." A sob interrupted her discourse; she stopped, and wept silently; then raising up her face from the hand on which she had laid it, "Oh sir! I have no father! no mother! no relation! Alas! I have no friend in the world!" Choked with her emotions, she was silent for a moment before she could proceed. "My only friend is God! on him I rely! I submit to his will. I only pray that I may support with fortitude, the miseries I am born to experience! To him, kind sir, this heart shall always pray for you. May that God forever protect you!" added she, dropping a courtesy, full of humility and native grace, as she retired. I returned her benediction, and went on.

"And can I thus leave this poor creature?" said I, as I walked pensively on. "Can I leave her forever, without emotion? what have I done for her, that can entitle me to her prayers? Preserved her a few days from death; but that is all! And shall I quit thee, fair flower, to see thee no more! to be blown down by the rude blast of adversity! to be cropped by some cruel spoiler! to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow! No! thou hast been reared on some happier bank; thou hast been nurtured by the sweet tear of maternal affection; thou hast once blushed beneath the cheering sun of domestic content, and under it thou shalt bloom again!" I turned as I spoke: my heart beat with its sweet purpose. I saw the beautiful Flower girl before me. I caught her hand; the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips.

"Come, thou lovely, deserted girl! come and add one more to the lovely groupe who call me father! Their home shall be thine; thou shalt share their comforts; thou shalt be taught with them, that virtue their father tries to practice!" She stopped me; her eyes flashed with a frantic joy; she flung herself on her knees before me, and burst into a flood of rapturous tears. I raised her in my arms, I hushed her eloquent gratitude; I led her to a home of happiness and piety. She loves my children; she loves their father; and the poor orphan Flower girl is now the wife of my son.

BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

John Rutledge,

One of the signers of the federal constitution, took an early and distinguished part in support of the liberties of his country at the commencement of the American revolution. He was a member of the first congress which met at Philadelphia in 1774. His extraordinary powers, extensive knowledge, and irresistible eloquence, can be estimated by the high encomium bestowed on him by the celebrated Patrick Henry, of Virginia, who declared that

in the first congress, when there was as brilliant a display of talent as was ever exhibited in a collected body of legislators, "that he shone with superior lustre." Being asked on his return to his native state, "what had been done by the representatives of the nation—what kind of men composed that illustrious body, and particularly whom he thought the greatest man?" he replied, "if you speak of eloquence, *John Rutledge*, of South Carolina, is the greatest orator; but if you speak of information and sound judgment, *colonel Washington* is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." Of his decision of character there can exist no doubt.

It was strongly exemplified at the very commencement of the revolutionary contest. When the vote to appoint deputies to a continental congress was carried in the assembly of South Carolina, propositions were immediately introduced, for instructing the delegates to what point it was admissible for them to pledge the concurrence of the province to such measures as might be proposed for general adoption.

John Rutledge, with great ability contended, that unless unshackled by restraint, and allowed to act at discretion, that their power to do good would be inadequate to the energies which the crisis demanded; and being asked, "what ought we to do then with these men should they make a bad use of the power delegated to them?" he replied, "hang them."

When the temporary constitution of South Carolina was established in March, 1776, he was appointed its president, and commander-in-chief of the colony. He continued in this station till the adoption of the new constitution in March, 1778, to which he refused to give his assent. He was opposed to it, because it annihilated the council, reducing the legislative authority from three to two branches, and was too democratic in its features.

In 1779, however, he was chosen governor, with the authority, in conjunction with the council, to do whatever the public safety required. He soon after took the field at the head of the militia. His zeal and activity never knew abatement. His decision in refusing to sanction the abandonment of the fort on Sullivan's Island, on the approach of the fleet of Sir Peter Parker, must for ever redound to his honour, as the resistance of the intrepid garrison completely changed the plans of the enemy, and they precipitately withdrew to New-York.

But to his guidance of the helm of government, during the most calamitous scenes of the war within the state, is in a great degree to be attributed the successes ultimately obtained over a powerful and triumphant enemy. He at a very early period, perceived the superior ability of general Greene to direct every military operation, and with indefatigable industry, seconded his views with all the influ-

ences of the civil authority. So mild and conciliating were all his actions, that obedience went hand in hand with command; and the ardour of zeal seemed rather to solicit service than seek the means of avoiding it.

This eminent patriot and able statesman died January 23, 1800.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

A Fragment.

I stood within a church-yard, and saw a new made grave, round which were gathered many mourning hearts; forms of loveliness, in pure celestial white, like beauteous seraphs, stood around that grave, and as the last green sod closed o'er the form of her they loved, they scattered flowers of fragrance over her, and turned with weeping eyes away—Oh! I have seen the great, in all their pomp, borne to the tomb, but the sweet tribute of affection spoke more unto my soul than all the pageantries that mourn departed pride.

But there was one sad mourner, who remained to weep alone, in anguish, o'er the spot, that held the dearest object of her soul—and hers indeed were tears of agony. She knelt upon that cold green turf, and her convulsive lip did seem petitioning heaven to grant her strength to bear her lot unmurmuring.

Her prayer was o'er—she pressed her lips unto that grave, and, childless, arose, to bend her aged steps unto her desolate home—and as she went, I saw the tears upon her withered cheek fall fast—my heart was full—I turned me to the grave she'd left.

It lay o'ershaded by a beauteous willow that seemed to bend in mournfulness o'er her who slept beneath. The roses scattered over it were fast, fast fading, and I thought them emblems of her fate.

I gazed till tears came o'er my eyes, to think that one so lovely once, was now a prey for worms; and oh! I blushed that man's base perfidy had caused it. She had loved, and loved, with all of woman's faith, one who seemed to give her heart for heart, and she was happy.—One eve she, with accustomed fondness, watched his looked for approach, it passed away—he came not. She sighed—another—and another pass'd, and still he came not—her sparkling eye grew dim and that bright cheek that shamed the blushing rose, soon lost its bloom. She would not doubt his love, and flattering hope still lingered round her heart. At last she heard that he she loved was wedded!—she wept not—her hopes were crushed, yet she upbraided not;—but she would wander to those *still* dear haunts, where she had roved with him in happier hours, and gaze on them in melancholy anguish. On one bright morn, when birds were warbling soft notes of joy, and nature's loveliest smile was shed upon the

scene—she wandered forth unto the well known spot, hallowed in the remembrance of former bliss, and there reclined her wasted form.

A tear of sadness glistened on her cheek, as thoughts of other days rushed o'er her heart, and as she raised her tearful eyes to heaven, and crossed her still fair arms upon her breast, she seemed a seraph from those realms above. She prayed—and prayed for blessings on him who caused her anguish—and then she wished to die—to go in that blest moment to the peaceful grave. Her wish was heard, and her celestial soul, breathing forgiving tenderness, winged its calm flight to heaven.—*Album.*

Things I never saw.

I never saw a gambler who would not tell a fib, if he was hard run.

I never saw an old bachelor offer courtship to an old maid; nor a young girl accept of a poor old bachelor.

I never saw a widow refuse marrying on account of her age.

I never saw a man thrive by the plough, who did not either hold or drive.

There seems to be some congeniality between a fine form and a virtuous mind. When we meet an individual in the walks of life who unites pleasing manners with beauty of person, there is none that can withhold from him the meed of approbation. But if on a further acquaintance we discover that his principles are unsound, his feelings perverted, and his habits so many hypocritical assumptions, we are compelled to turn ourselves away in disgust. It is like the traveller who copies afar off, a pleasant grove of orange trees, quivering in the western breeze. The tinge of the fruit rivals the beams of the rosy sun; the fragrance of the branches scents the whole atmosphere. The traveller approaches in rapture and discovers it the haunt of serpents, wild beasts, or wilder indians. Such, too often, is the result of cultivated acquaintance in the world.

A poor country hawker being lately detected in England in the act of shooting a butcher bird, was taken before a justice. "So, fellow, (cried Mitimus,) you think fit to shoot without a licence, do you?" "Oh, no, your honour, (cried the offender,) I have a licence for *hawking*;" so saying, he handed him his pedlar's licence, and the bird shot being proved a *hawk*, the man was discharged.

Bolivar.—He is a very small, thin man, with the appearance of great personal activity; his face is well formed, but furrowed with fatigue and anxiety. The fire of his quick black eye is very remarkable. He wears a large mustachios, and his hair is dark and curling. After many opportunities of seeing him, I may say that I never met with a face which gave me a

more exact idea of a man. Boldness, enterprise, activity, proud impatience, and a persevering and determined spirit, are plainly marked upon his countenance, and expressed by every motion of his body.

Fragment.

The morn of life was cheerful as the singing of birds, and lovely as the opening of spring—not a cloud arose to mar its beauty or obscure the bright sun of innocence and youth—every sense was gratified, every flower was sweet, and every rose without a thorn. Every kiss was a pledge of affection, and every friend was true. My cheeks were then blooming with health, and my eyes glistened with happiness. But alas! the charm is broken, the scene is changed, the flowers have lost their fragrance, and on every rose I have found a thorn. Friends, who were dear, have departed, and nothing is left me but the melancholy recollection of joys that are fled. Grief has stolen the rose from my cheeks, and my eyes overflow with tears. But a little while and my sorrows will be over and forgotten—my heart strings, which are now strained with anguish, will then thrill with rapture—my friends, which I have lost, will be restored, and our affection will be as pure and as lasting as the paradise which we shall inhabit—the lively flowers, which are now withered and gone, will be revived with increased beauty—no more will the lily and the rose, when sparkling with the morning dew, be an emblem of sorrowing virtue, for every gale will waft happiness, and every zephyr fragrance.

SUMMARY.

Printing.—The National Intelligencer employs *ninety-seven* persons, besides the editors and clerks, and works up 300 reams of paper per week.

Cooper's novels are about to be published in Germany in an edition similar to a recent one of the works of Scott.

A new weekly paper, super royal in size, entitled the "*Vermont Advocate*," has been established in Royalton, in that state, by Wyman Spooner, late editor of the Vermont Journal.

Fire.—About five o'clock on Wednesday morning the 27th ult. the large building formerly occupied by Robert Patterson, as a Woolen Factory, in the rear of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in this City was destroyed by fire.

There is a new Post-Office established in the town of Hunter, Greene county, by the name of East Hunter, Samuel Huestis, Post Master.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Myers, Mr. Alexander H. Glen, printer, to Miss Margaret Andrews, all of Albany.

On the 19th ult. in the town of Ghent, Mr. Edward Barber, of this city, to Miss Eliza Teal, of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on Saturday the 23d ult. after a lingering illness of about one year, George Bolles, son of Richard Bolles of this place, in the 40th year of his age.

On Monday the 18th ult. a child of Mr. James Noble.



POETRY.

ADDRESS

To the Patrons of the RURAL REPOSITORY on the New-Year.

THE earth again, with steady pace hath run,
Her custom'd annual circuit, round the sun;
And now, alternate sway'd by hope and fear,
We gladly hail a new, we hope, a happier year.
How many visionary hopes of Youth are fled,
And with the last, repose amid the dead!—
The hopes of Youth are ever on the rise—
As springs the bow of promise in the skies,
With all its golden, beauteous tints array'd,
So spring his hopes, and as its tints they fade.
Yet still again, and yet again, they rise,
And still they fall, like meteors from the skies:
Borne on the ebbing stream of Time away,
They sink beneath stern nature's sad decay;
But with them cares, and sorrows too, are borne,
And troubled days, with laughing hours have flown.

The year that's past had spots of sunny light,
Tho' oft o'ershadow'd by the hue of night:
Full many a friend belov'd, now sleeps in death,
Who hail'd the year gone by, with gladsome breath;
Full many a wedding, doth its annals grace—
And many a crime, their black'ned page deface.
Rapine and murder oft have stalk'd abroad,
And men have dar'd blaspheme a holy God;
But fell Intemp'rance bears the palm away,
It rules with fearless and despotick sway;
The mind before it doth in ruins lie,
And fortune, health and comfort quickly fly:
Yet, it is not our purpose here to scan,
The follies, or the faults, of wayward man;
O'er each, we Charity's broad mantle throw—
The gift of sweet Repentance may he know—
May her bright tears the stains of guilt efface,
And his be ev'ry virtue—ev'ry grace;
Till cheer'd by Hope, on wings of Faith, he rise,
And join the heav'nly choir, beyond the skies.

Now, let us dash away each gath'ring tear,
And hail with joy the smiling, new-born year!—
It comes, the waters from its Lethean spring,
To pour on sorrows which our bosoms wring—
It comes, to bear upon its flowing tide,
The griefs and cares which our proud bosoms hide.
What, though stern Winter now doth rule the scene,
And Spring's delightful forms no more are seen!—
What tho' he guide his storm-dispensing car,
And summer birds have fled to climes afar!
Yet not with Summer birds or forms of Spring,
Do blossoms of th' immortal mind take wing;
Spring's "leafy honors" blighting frosts consume,
And quickly fades bright Summer's lovely bloom:
But sunny thoughts spring up and wake at will,
Through all the varied year, we have them still.
All seasons their peculiar pleasures boast,
And Winter, thou hast thine, if not the most;
When friends are circled round the blazing hearth,
Tho' storms are heard without, within is mirth:
Pale sickness flies before thy gelid reign,
And health appears with all her smiling train;
The rosy cheek, the laughter beaming eye,
The sunny smile and harmless revelry.
In Winter too, from the instructive page,
We glean th' events of ev'ry clime and age—

With pleasant chat, we while the hours away,
And spite of frost and snow, we still are gay.

Kind Patrons, it has been your Carrier's task,
To hand to you the mental food you ask;
Tho' it doth not within his province lay,
To bring the news of battles far away,
Tell when the blood-stain'd crescent waves on high,
And Grecian patriots, self-devoted, die;
Or when the cross doth proudly rise again,
And Turkish hosts by Grecia's sons are slain:
Yet o'er my page looks many a sparkling eye,
To find the story of the nuptial tie;
The mournful register of death I bear,
A sad memorial found too often there:
With no loud knell his triumphs I proclaim,
But silent pass, and leave the victim's name.
My Miscellaneous sheet is too, well stor'd,
With various fruits from Fancy's plenteous board;
Her magic hand, the incidents hath wrought,
With which its num'rous Moral Tales are fraught.
The Trav'ler's mite my humble pages grace,
And Biographic sketches there we trace.
The Muse, my columns decks with gems and flowers,
Haply, unaided by a Byron's pow'rs;
Yet, native genius we should, foster, raise,
However humble, be its first essays.

Perhaps you think it strange your Carrier dare,
Vaunt of his paper with so vain an air;
But Patrons, tho' I tell its merits here,
I crave your notice, only once a year.
No more my paper or myself I'll praise—
The proverb says, it goes but little ways:
And now, there's not much more for me to do,
A brief apology, and then Adieu.
If I've forgot your mansions, once or twice,
I pray forgive, nor think it was a vice;
May be 'twas cold, or snow, or drenching rain,
Or if 'twas not, dear Patrons don't complain—
Remember I'm a young and thoughtless boy,
To whom, your frowns give pain, your smiles bring joy—
A *Happy New-Year* friends, and now good by,
Your patience, my dull rhymes no more shall try.

THE CARRIER.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Hope.

PUZZLE II.—Cow-slip.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

In shining crimson clad, and uncontrol'd,
I soon subdue the great, the rich, the bold;
Oft when I come, I call for generous wine,
And then perhaps depart,—such grace is mine!
To me great lords and princes tribute bring
Of viands nice, and every dainty thing:
Ungrateful I! on these fine things I dine,
And straight these lords and princes I confine.

II.

Though unknown to all senses except to the sight
Yet existence I claim by excluding the light.

One Shilling a piece will be given at this office for the 2d and 4th Numbers of the 2d Volume of this Paper.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday, at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post-office.